

# My First Date

This is my first date. Right, one of the biggest mistake or step of my life. Don't even ask how much courage it took to ask my crush on a date. And as a ritual, the first date ought to be in a café. So, I researched the best cafes around the locality. Paid them in advance to not bother us for an hour. Though I highly doubt I will be able to converse for an hour. Next problem, clothes. At home I am in too casual clothes. At work, pure professional suits. And both are unsuitable for the current experience. Think, should I take advice from my friends? (Remembering their nature) Nah, I'd be fine without their advice.

I just wore a casual white shirt with royal blue denim jeans. Hope that's fine. I was standing outside the *Try Hard Coffee*. If they didn't had that reputation of theirs, I would have never stepped in a café with such a name. I arrived just five minutes before the decided time.

My goals, A: To know about her, B: If she turns out good, then make her fall for me, C: Plan the next date if A and B go well.

Okay, I can do it. I had to keep telling that to myself. I got seated and waited.

She came after 5 minutes. So punctual. There she was, walking towards me, elegantly. Her cute yet beautiful face shining like sun, her obsidian hair fluttered like the breeze was caressing a meadow. Her cerulean eyes steered at me. I was speechless. All the confidence: lost. She gave a quirky smile as she made herself comfortable.

'Good evening.'

"Good evening."

'Was I late?'

“Not at all, I just arrived and seated a few moments ago.” Lies people, pleasant lies. Glad I didn’t order anything.

“What would you like?” Be a gentleman. Kill bad boys.

‘Let’s see. Hmm, I will have a cappuccino. And you?’

Something strong. “I will go with espresso.” I signed the waiter to come and take our orders. The bastard was smirking wildly. No tips for you.

Let’s start with icebreakers. “So, you work at the nursery or just help out?”

‘I work at Beacon Hill nursery and help at Cedar Grove whenever possible. It’s good to be with new sprouts of life from time to time.’

I just stared at her keeping my face as normal as possible.

‘Oh! I mean the flowers and fruits. They just grow from these tiny seeds to magnificent trees or shrubs.’ She had to clarify.

Probably suspected her because I know two such people who are into kids. Time to butter up.

“That’s great. I shall tell my job as well. I work at Indigo Tech as a developer. It ain’t much but honest satisfying work.”

Ok, enough yapping about myself. This isn’t working.

‘What sort of developer are you?’

Oh! Great lord it worked. “I develop websites and apps. More like creating things that steals their attention from real life.”

‘I see.’ Oops, did I say something wrong?

I can’t dig the ice further. Where is that damn waiter?

Speak of the devil. He arrived with our orders. Great. Stage 1 cleared. Status: Acquaintances. Can’t rush good things.

She drank her cappuccino as I slurped mine espresso. I halted to see her pink lips attached to the white cup, sipping a hot beverage.

She noticed me. Make something up quick.

'Would you like to taste?' She offered. An indirect kiss at the first date.

But I had nerve to be a gentleman or something else.

"Thanks, but no."

She started drinking her order again.

"Though I would like to have a piece of you."

Now, I had done it. That made her startle. She almost choked on her cappuccino.

She wiped her face, flipped her hair behind her ears and said only two words. 'I see.'

The coldest two words / *see*. I didn't understand the tone she said that.

#Author Note:- *He doesn't know that it was flirtation.*

She finished her cappuccino and so did I. Me versus ice round two.

"What do you like to do in free time? Hobbies and such?"

'Hobbies eh... Let me see. I like gardening, reading books and exploring places. These are not common these days, are they?'

"Everyone have different feelings and I respect that. No hobby is big or small. If you like it, you should follow it to the end of the hell." I was making a self-pride face.

She looked in awe for second then said, 'You have got some interesting ideology.'

She got up and picked her bag. 'Perhaps, we should meet again and more often.'

I took a moment to understand that. I got surprised when the words finally made sense. I looked at her as she was leaving.

“Does this mean...?” I couldn’t finish.

She turned and smiled.

‘Yes, you are on.’

Now I was becoming hasty. I got up quickly and followed behind her.

She had called a taxi. Before she could sit in, I asked, “So, when and where are we meeting next?”

“You are going fast, aren’t you?”

“You haven’t seen me doing push-ups.”

She laughed. That joyful sound of pure heart. That childish, carefree look on her face. It made me fall for her again.

‘How about an aquarium?’